WINNEBAGO BOY

by MARIO and MABEL SCACHERI

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BY MARIO AND MABLE SCACHERI

Landing Hawk felt very strange at first when he came to The Dells in Wisconsin. He was a ten year old Winnebago Indian boy who came with his parents to the Indian ceremonial held each year at The Dells. He soon made friends with other Indian boys and learned how his people had lived. He learned the customs of the Indians—their music and dances, the way they made their houses, the games they played, and what they believed. At the end of the summer Landing Hawk felt a little lonely at the thought of leaving.

This book shows the life and customs of the Woodlands and Plain Indians.

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WINNEBAGO BOY

by the same authors

INDIANS TODAY

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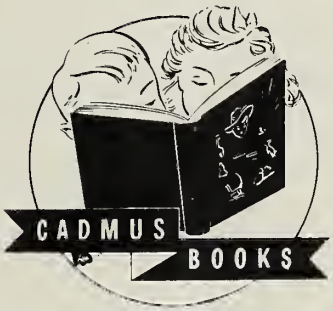

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To Phyllis Crandall Connor

who has a genuine understanding
of the Indian

THE STORY OF THIS BOOK

JUST one hundred years ago the Winnebago Indians were forced to sell their land in Wisconsin, where they had lived for centuries. Since that time they have been a wandering people, clinging with silent Indian tenacity to their traditions, but diminishing in numbers year by year.

Their story is, of course, that of all American Indians. Bit by bit the strange, bright scene of Indian life has faded from our woods and plains. Something completely American, some real and vivid part of the drama of mankind, has been lost.

Any attempt to snatch back from oblivion a fragment of the old life, especially an attempt made by the Indians themselves, seems to the authors worthy of sympathetic attention.

The annual ceremonial, during July and August, at the Wisconsin Dells is such an attempt at restoration of a way of life that had almost disappeared. It is given by the Winnebagoes with the help of a few related Indians. It is presented with dignity and beauty. Its success is in great part due to the generous sponsorship of the Crandall family, and to the directorship of Phyllis Crandall Connor. All profits of the ceremonial are received by the Indians.

The fiction story told in words and photographs in the following pages is based upon the unique presentation of Indian art, songs, and dances at the Dells. The authors have sought to show what such a recapturing of the past may mean to a Winnebago boy of today who spends a summer at the Stand Rock Ceremonial.

WINNEBAGO BOY

ALL through the woods, the Indians were settling into camp.

The white canvas tepees of the Sioux twinkled under the trees, and smoke rose from the round wigwams of the Winnebagoes, made of reed mats, birch bark, elm bark, or canvas.

Fires crackled under pots hung on tripods. Women were airing their white buckskin dresses, beading new moccasins, playing with little brown babies. Soft, high voices called from lodge to lodge. Tall men in bright clothes beat drums, and little boys danced.

It all looked busy and gay. But Landing Hawk, a ten-year-old Winnebago boy, felt strange and lost in the camp.

His father, Walks-on-Snow, had said, "This year we will go to the Indian ceremonial at Stand Rock on the Wisconsin River. A century ago our people used to meet there in a great natural council hall in the rocks. Some of us still go back each summer to dance and sing. There you can learn to be a real Indian boy."

But Landing Hawk felt so shy, this first day, that he slipped off farther into the woods. Suddenly his big black eyes opened wide. There, at the foot of a tree, lay a baby squirrel! It trembled in his hand, and made a tiny angry noise.

"He's singing his war song!" said a jolly voice.

Landing Hawk looked up. Beside him stood Long Feather, another Winnebago boy. The two had been eyeing each other bashfully all morning. Now they chatted like old friends as they petted the squirrel.

"WE'LL have a lot of fun this summer," said Long Feather. "Just wait till you see Stand Rock, and watch Walks-in-the-Clouds jump across the gap in the rocks. The dances are fun, too. Can you dance the war dance?"

Landing Hawk admitted that he couldn't do it very well.

"My grandmother said last year that I danced it like a frozen-footed duck, but she doesn't say that any more," said Long Feather.

Landing Hawk giggled to think of a duck doing a war dance.

"You really are a Winnebago, aren't you?" he asked, glancing at Long Feather's big Sioux war bonnet of eagle feathers.

"Of course I am," said Long Feather proudly. "I just wear the Sioux bonnet because I like it. Lots of Indians of all tribes wear it nowadays, you know."

Landing Hawk didn't say a word, because he could see that Long Feather knew much more about Indians than he did.

The baby squirrel had gone to sleep in his hands.

"What shall we do with this fellow?" he asked.

"Take him back to camp and raise him on peanuts," said Long Feather.

The boys ran back to camp, and slipped inside Landing Hawk's wigwam. No one was in it just then. Dangling from the framework was a pair of moccasins, completely covered with beads. They were Walks-on-Snow's very best pair. Into one of them Landing Hawk tucked the baby squirrel. He snuggled down and continued his nap.

A DELICIOUS smell was coming from one of the wigwams they had passed, and they could hear a woman's voice inside telling a story and children asking questions.

"That's Rainbow; she's an awfully good story-teller," said Long Feather. He pulled aside the brown blanket covering the doorway and stepped inside her wigwam.

There sat three-year-old Came-to-Earth, and his fat little sister, Star Girl, and Stands Alone, a slim, clever-looking boy, the son of Chief Lone Tree. Rainbow, in a pretty blue Winnebago dress trimmed in elk teeth, was stirring a stew over a small fire.

"How'd you like a nice stew of bear ribs, boiled with dried corn?" Rainbow was saying. "That was one of the favorite dishes of the Winnebagoes, years ago. And they made soup of deer loin with wild rice and wild onions. Of course they always had corn, dried, parched, made into hominy or meal, or roasted fresh in the corn season. But if you boys had been living in the old days, you would have dived in water where the muskrat lived, to find his cellar full of roots that he had stored away for the winter. Or you'd have dived for roots of the yellow pond lily, or the wild calla. And did you know that the root of Jack-in-the-pulpit was good to eat? It's so hot when you eat it raw that it burns your tongue. 'Fire ball,' the Indians call it. But there's a way of baking, slicing, and drying it to get rid of the hot taste."

RAINBOW smiled at the wide-eyed circle around her.

"This stew won't be ready for nearly an hour," she said, "but your great-great-grandfather never tasted anything like it. It's lamb stew, and until the white man came, the Indians never saw a sheep."

Stands Alone put on his headdress and joined the boys at the door. It was a deertail headdress, attached to a hood instead of to his hair, as Landing Hawk's was fastened.

"She's been telling us things her grandmother told her," said Stands Alone. "All about making maple sugar in early spring, and testing it on patches of snow. They used to clean out the bills of ducks, and pour the sugar into them, and let it harden. That way they made little candies for the children."

Rainbow fished around in a little birch bark box decorated with porcupine quill embroidery and pulled out a nickel.

"I know a still easier way to get candy for children," she grinned, and five pairs of small moccasins went flying toward the trading-post where the Indian camp bought supplies.

They were each licking a round red all-day-sucker on a stick when they heard a drum begin to beat, a deep, heavy boom-boom.

"COME, come, come, come!" said the big war drum.

It stood between four bead-trimmed poles, and had a wide belt of beads all around it. It was a very old drum.

Chief Lone Tree and Chief Makes-the-Day-Tremble both beat upon it slowly and seriously, and sang out the words of a Winnebago song.

Out from the tepees and wigwams came the Indians in their bright clothes, like brilliant birds from dull gray nests.

The drum was calling them to the dance-ground near Stand Rock, for a rehearsal of their songs and dances, before their first show of the year, which they would give that evening.

MOST of the women wore white buckskin dresses. One had a deep yoke of sky-blue beads, heavy and stiff as a knight's armor. Another wore a long necklace of the ankle bones of deer, almost to her feet. The women moved smoothly over the grass, like white ships sailing.

War bonnets fluttered on the heads of some of the men. Others wore round fur caps, deertail headdresses, flashing mirrors, jingling sleighbells, vests of solid beadwork, big circles of feathers on backs and arms.

"Why don't you wear one of those feather windmills, too?" Landing Hawk asked his father, Walks-on-Snow.

His father laughed. "They aren't windmills, but dance bustles, or 'crows,' an old Sioux decoration. You see, the Sioux noticed that the first bird to reach a battlefield after the battle was the crow. Then came the buzzard, then the magpie, then the eagle.

"To make a real 'crow' in the old way, the Sioux covered a rawhide frame with an eagle skin, and then, on two dangling strips, they fastened a crow skin and buzzard and magpie feathers. Sticking up from the round frame were two sticks ending in tufts of horsehair. The one on the left meant a dead enemy, the one on the right a friend killed in the fight. Nowadays Indians make 'crows' of all kinds of bright feathers and bits of fur, not much like the old style bustle."

LANDING HAWK had never seen so many Indians in their beautiful buckskins and beads and feathers.

He followed the crowd through the woods and down the hill to the ancient council place of his people, now their dance-ground. When they were almost there, everyone stopped and looked up.

Stand Rock, a jagged pillar of stone a hundred feet high, stood before them. And on top was the tiny figure of Walks-in-the-Clouds.

"He's going to jump from Stand Rock to the cliffs," whispered Long Feather excitedly.

Walks-in-the-Clouds gave a little run, leaped strongly into the air, and landed lightly on the other side of the chasm.

"Ahhh!" sighed the crowd.

"I bet I could do it too," said all the little boys.

"Don't you try it," said their mothers.

"We all used to do it," said the old men.

THE Indians took their places for the dancing.

First came the Sioux, dancing lightly in a long line, their leader carrying the stuffed skin of a calf, with eyes of blue beadwork.

He laid it on the ground, as the dancers formed in two lines. The drums beat, the chorus sang, and the men danced forward and back, stretching out their hands toward the stuffed calf.

"That's the Shoonka Olowan, the Dog Feast Dance," Iron Eyes, a tall, dignified Sioux, told Landing Hawk. "One year the Sioux had a terrible winter. They were almost starving. So they prayed and made a vow that if they had a good hunt, they would give their hunting dogs the best pieces of meat.

"They were successful on the hunt, and brought much meat into camp. Then they tied their dogs on leather leashes. The dogs would run toward the meat, and their masters would pull them back, to give them a good appetite. They then untied the dogs, who rushed at the meat and had a fine growling dog-party while the meat lasted!

"In this dance the stuffed calf is the meat, and the dancers dash back and forth trying to reach it, as the dogs did."

The dance was a fine sight to see. The feet of the dancers seemed hardly to touch the ground. Tall, heavy Sioux floated like the feathers in their war bonnets, always in time to the wild song: "Shoonka wa-ya-ta-nin, may you feast well, O dog!"

THE dance ended, and the Sioux sat down on long log benches.

Up rose the oldest of the Winnebagoes, a smiling old man with the strange name of He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail.

"Now the Sioux have had their dinner," he joked. All the Indians chuckled and laughed, but not loudly or boisterously, for that is not the Indian way.

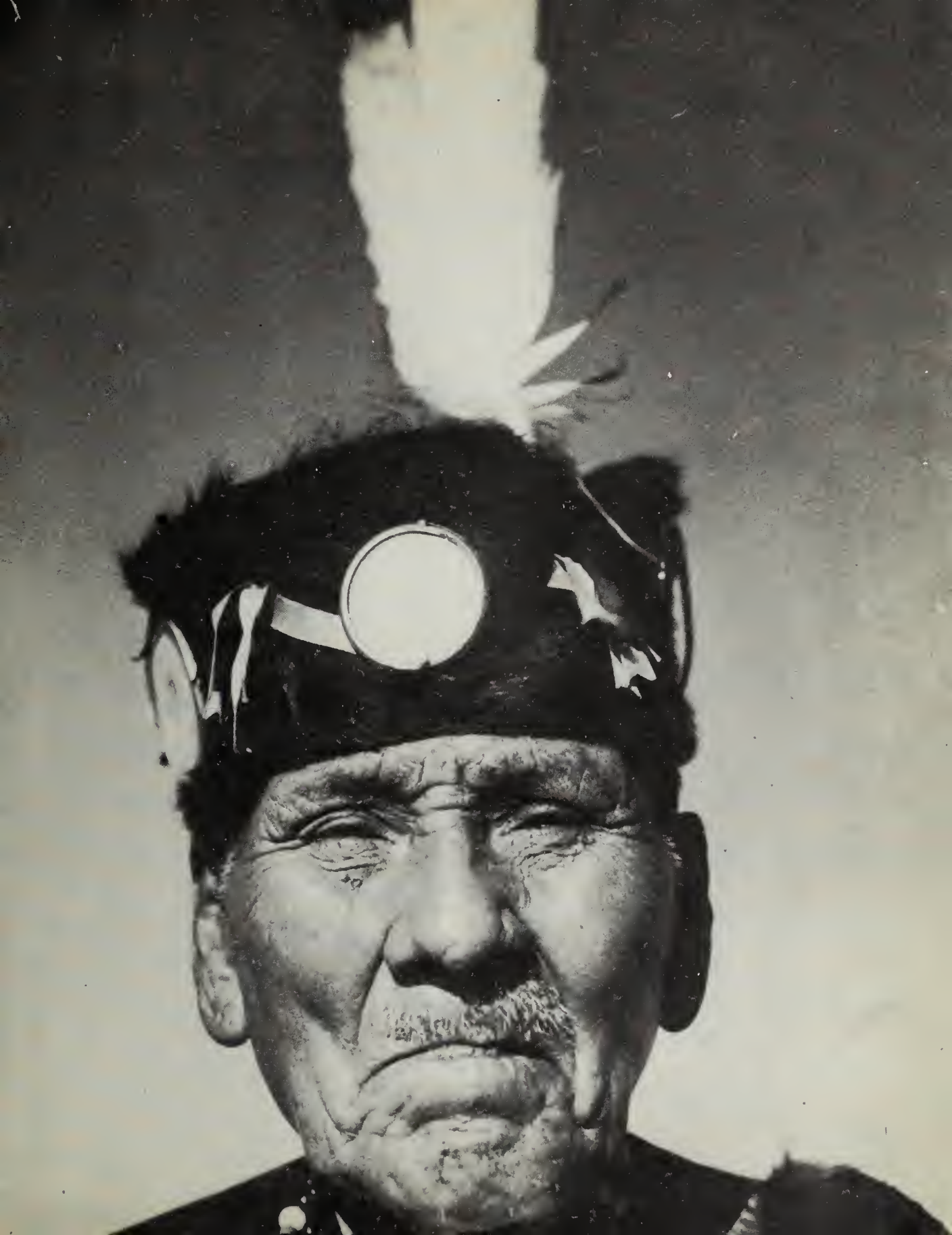
"It is the turn of the Winnebagoes. Let us show these Sioux how to dance the war dance!"

White teeth flashed in broad grins all along the row of listening Indians. In the old days the Sioux had been the enemies of the Winnebagoes, and they certainly knew all about the war dance.

"Remember that the dance tells the story of setting out for war, and of returning," said the old man. "The warriors dance at first without excitement, making ready to take the trail. The women sing sad songs. They are sorry to see the men go. Then the music stops.

"The second half of the dance tells of the return from war. The war drum beats faster. It keeps time to the beating of the heart. The dancers sing of their brave deeds. They tell how they dodged through the woods, behind trees, from rock to rock, creeping up on the enemy. They sway and weave from side to side, to show how they slipped from hiding-place to hiding-place. The women sing songs of joy at the safe return of the men.

"Look, I will show you how to dance the war dance!"



OLD He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail stepped out onto the dance-ground. He began a high song to the heavy drum-beat, and bent over in a crouch. With a most unwarlike smile on his face, he swung into the war dance.

The sleighbells on his ankles rang, the mirrors on his cap and breechclout flashed, as he dashed in and out among imaginary trees.

"Dance like a man coming home from war!" he shouted. "Some of you young fellows dance like a man bringing home the cows."

He gave such a funny imitation of a clumsy young dancer, rocking along heavily, that everybody shook with laughter.

The young men began accusing each other.

"See how you dance, Smoke Walker!"

"There you go, White Throat, like a horse on a merry-go-round!"

The old man shook at them the decorated eagle's wing, a sign of authority, which he carried in his right hand.

"AND you dancers who wear the deertail headdress, remember about the feather that stands up on top," continued He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail. "Don't let it drop back, or forward, or sidewise.

"It must stand up straight, and move in rhythm with the drum beat. Learn to nod your heads so as to make the feather dance!"

He picked up a deertail headdress and tied it quickly on a small Winnebago baby, little Stands-in-the-Water.

The baby nodded his head, trying to shake off his headdress, and the feather danced as if alive.

Everyone was laughing except Stands-in-the-Water. The stiff headdress felt hard and scratchy on his soft little head. He gave a long howl of rage. His mother ran to pick him up and take off the headdress.

"Now that Stands-in-the-Water has shown you how to make that feather dance, don't forget about it," said the old man, offering the baby his peace pipe.

EVERYONE applauded He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail, and then two others of the older Winnebago men walked out onto the hard-packed earth where the dances were staged.

One, in beautifully beaded white buckskin and a big war bonnet, was Sitting-in-the-Day. The other, jolly and plump in brown buckskin, with a deertail headdress, was Frisk Cloud, a great fun-maker and favorite of the children.

"Come here, all you young men from three years old to fifteen, you are the ones that He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail is talking about," called Frisk Cloud. He and Sitting-in-the-Day began to dance and sing, and the boys danced with them, imitating their careful steps, and trying to win an approving look from the old man.

"Tap with the toe first, then with the whole foot," they said to Stands Alone.

"Faster, faster," they told Came-to-Earth, and his tiny feet, frilled with white fur at the ankles, scampered like little white rabbits.

Landing Hawk was too shy to try to dance, this first day, and no one urged him. They knew that as soon as he really wanted to dance, he could learn easily.

AT last, when even He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail thought the boys danced well, Sitting-in-the-Day and Frisk Cloud led a line of youngsters weaving in and out, all over the dance-ground.

All around they twisted, among the little group rehearsing the hoop dance, and the women practicing the swan dance, each group singing its own song.

Thump-THUMP, thump-THUMP stamped their feet. Their high, thin voices echoed in the great rocky bowl of the council place. The sunlight, sifting through the trees, spangled their moving figures and lit their down-tipped feathers like candle-flames.

"Ten ring circus, noisy as white people," grunted He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail. "That's enough. It's dinner time."

The dancers stopped their dancing, and went trailing up the hill to the camp, where a few women had stayed behind to watch the kettles. They were a mass of white, blue, green, red, purple, walking with a light tinkle of bells. Like a great musical flower-bed, they all moved smoothly away under the dark trees.

Landing Hawk thought he had never seen anything so exciting and gay. He was sorry he had not tried to dance too.

STRAIGHT EARTH WOMAN, the mother of Stands Alone, was just lifting her kettle of stew off the fire as her family came home, all trying to tell her at once about the war dance.

"It was too hot for a fire inside the wigwam, I thought," she said. "Anyway it's more fun to cook outdoors."

They saw that she had set up a table under the trees.

"Oh, we can eat outdoors, all summer out doors!" said Stands Alone.

Landing Hawk ran on to his own wigwam, and found that his mother had moved out under a shady tree, too, and had invited company for dinner.

"Makes-the-Day-Tremble just arrived in camp today with his family, and he has to get his wigwam up this afternoon," she said. "So they will have dinner with us, since their own kettle is packed."

Landing Hawk ate so fast that his father stared at him, and then he slipped away to feed the baby squirrel. It nibbled at two peanuts greedily, and kept talking squirrel talk in a high scratchy voice.

"Let's go and watch them put up the wigwam," said the voice of Long Feather at the door, and Landing Hawk left the little squirrel to sputter itself to sleep.

MAKES-THE-DAY-TREMBLE had the framework of his lodge nearly finished when the boys arrived.

"He's using elm poles, but he says they ought to be oak," said Stands Alone, who had come before them. "And the Winnebagoes always used to tie the poles together with the inner bark of basswood. They used to leave the framework standing, and come back and cover it again next year, if they moved around."

"Toss me that ball of cord," said Makes-the-Day-Tremble. "Why bother the basswood tree when the white man has invented rope? And the white man had another good idea when he learned to make canvas," he added, throwing a big sheet of canvas over the lodge frame and tying it by the four corners.

Then he picked up the reed mats, one by one, and fastened them on top of the canvas.

"YOUR wigwam isn't like ours," said Landing Hawk. "Yours is round, like half an orange, and ours is long and rounded on top like a loaf of bread."

"Yes, I'm short of reed mats, so I can't make a long one," explained Makes-the-Day-Tremble. "But did I hear you calling this lodge a 'wigwam'? You picked up that word from the white people. They call every Indian lodge a wigwam, even a Sioux tepee or a Navajo hogan, because their ancestors heard the Algonquin Indians call their lodge a 'wek-uwom.'

"But you're a Winnebago boy, so when you speak Winnebago you must call your lodge a chee-po-do'kay. The Winnebagoes used to make eight kinds of lodges, even one that looked like a Sioux tepee. Now we just make the round and the long kinds."

Makes-the-Day-Tremble hammered down the last pole, and tied on the last reed mat.

"My grandmother was a smart woman," he said. "She knew how to weave these mats so they would shed water. No need to line the lodge with canvas then!"

A woman's voice spoke up. It was tiny old Energy Woman, Long Feather's grandmother.

"My grandmother was smarter yet," she said. "She sent the men out to get birch bark or elm bark to cover her wigwam, so she didn't have to weave any reed mats!"

MAKES-THE-DAY-TREMBLE laughed, and everyone said, "That's right," and "You tell this big fellow how to live like an Indian."

They all knew how proud Energy Woman was of her own birch bark wigwam in the camp, and how she had helped her young neighbors to put up an elm bark lodge.

"Indians are as brown as the earth, and they should learn to live with what the earth gives them, and to stand alone," said Energy Woman. "A white man makes a house with lumber and nails and glass and iron that somebody else, far away, has made for him. If he had to do it all himself, he wouldn't have any house. I like to do everything myself."

Landing Hawk looked admiringly at little Energy Woman, standing so straight, able to find roots to eat in the woods, to build her own house, to tan skins and make clothes of them. How fine it must feel to be so strong and independent!

But Makes-the-Day-Tremble wanted to tease her a little.

"I'm surprised at you wearing that calico dress woven by the white people," he grinned.

Energy Woman wasted no reply on him, but went swishing home to her birch bark lodge, swinging her full red skirts defiantly.

"LET'S make a wigwam for the little squirrel," said Landing Hawk, and he and Long Feather and Stands Alone began looking for green twigs.

They tried to tie the twigs together with bark, but somehow it wouldn't stay tied.

"This way," said Chief Lone Tree, the father of Stands Alone. His clever brown fingers had the little frame ready in two minutes.

They begged some scraps of birch bark from Energy Woman, and soon had a fine little wigwam right beside Landing Hawk's door.

But the little squirrel refused to live in it.

He scolded and scolded and crawled right out of his chee-po-do-kay. He liked it much better in Walks-on-Snow's very best beaded moccasin.

"I DON'T think squirrels are very bright," said Long Feather. "All they can do is talk back and crack nuts. My dog Wasp can learn a lot of tricks."

"I'll teach him a trick," said someone.

Evergreen Tree had come quietly up in his soft moccasins. He was a Cochití Indian, very clever at imitating birds and animals, and he came to the show every year as a special entertainer.

He began to growl like a dog. Long Feather's dog backed up and looked startled. Then he growled back "Grrrr," and finally barked.

The boys were delighted, and tried to growl like Evergreen Tree. But Wasp paid no attention to them. He kept a suspicious eye on Evergreen Tree.

"I began to learn to imitate animals when I was your age," he told the boys. "I used to go hunting deer with my brother-in-law. We would wait for the deer to come to drink at a water-hole, and then my brother-in-law would sneeze like a deer. The deer would try to find him, and he would shoot one and have venison for breakfast.

"Well, it's time now to eat supper and get started for the show. We must do our best, this first night. Lots of white people will be here to see us."

The boys ran home, very excited, especially Landing Hawk, who had never seen this ceremonial of his people.

LANDING HAWK'S mother, One-To-Be-Proud, dressed him up very carefully in a new red shirt and his best beaded vest and breechclout and fine new white moccasins. She wanted him to look just as well as any little boy at the show, so he wouldn't be bashful about dancing.

When he ran, jingling with tiny bells, down the hill, he found Chief Lone Tree already there, sitting among the tall grass with a spotlight on his white buckskin. He had a lance in one hand, an eagle's wing in the other. He looked very serious.

All the Indians were sitting on long log benches. Beams of light poured down from lamps on a tall tree. On benches all the way up the hill the audience sat talking and laughing. The dark trees looked strange in the white light, and rustled in the soft breeze that swept up the river.

Here and there, through the dark, glimmered the white tepees of the Sioux, lighted by fires within and shining like shaded lamps. Straight up above Landing Hawk could see the little stars.

In the middle of the dance-ground stood the drum. The drummers began to beat the slow, dignified rhythm of the Swan Dance, while they sang the slow-moving song. Their voices rang back from the rocky cliff behind them.

THE Winnebago women and girls in their pale, fringed buckskin dresses, stood up and moved out together with quick short steps.

They stretched their arms out, and waved them slowly up and down.

Their white figures, gliding along, really looked like swans moving over the water.

"This Swan Dance, or Wild Goose Dance, is one of the oldest of our Winnebago dances," whispered Frisk Cloud to Landing Hawk. "The swan was a very sacred bird, created before man, and full of wisdom not given to man. The dance was once a religious ceremony, and both men and women danced it, long ago."

"I can't understand the words of the Swan Dance songs," said Landing Hawk, after listening a moment.

"Nobody can," said Frisk Cloud. "The words are so old that no one today knows their meaning."

"Why do the women dance alone? Are they the only ones that know the ancient wisdom of the swan?" asked Landing Hawk.

"I suppose that's what they think," chuckled Frisk Cloud.

The women floated and swayed all the way around the dance-ground, and then fluttered back and sat on the log, picking up their bright blankets and wrapping up in them, for the wind now blew cool through the trees.

THE drums stopped, and the light shifted to one side of the dance-ground, where a flute was playing.

Walking Hail was making the music, rather a sad, timid tune.

After he had repeated the notes several times, the white figure of She-Who-Plays-on-the-Water appeared among the trees.

"That's the tsal-eet-quash'to, the Winnebago courting flute," whispered Long Feather. "Walking Hail is playing one of our oldest songs. The young Winnebago men used to sit outside the girls' wigwams and play their flutes. If the girl wanted to marry the man, she would come outside. If she didn't, she stayed inside and probably she and her mother just laughed at him!"

"I wouldn't play it very long for her, would you?" said Landing Hawk, looking scornfully at Walking Hail, who was still playing the courting song. He thought the flute scene was all nonsense.

But the audience applauded loudly, and seemed to think it was a very pretty scene.

WHILE the light was on the flute-player, Chief Lone Tree had moved down from his high seat.

Now he began drumming on a small water-drum, very fast, and singing a quick, urgent song that made you want to get right up and dance.

Three of his sons picked up white hoops and began to dance the hoop dance.

They put the hoop over their heads, slipped it down to the ground, over one leg, in all sorts of positions. It seemed to be alive, and climbing all over the dancer.

But every minute they kept time to the music, and their feet pattered like rain on the ground.

Little Came-to-Earth found a hoop. He ran out in the spotlight and began to do the hoop dance, too. His little feet could hardly move fast enough. Still, he never lost the beat of the music, or made a single movement in the wrong rhythm.

"If he can dance like that, I guess I'd better learn," thought Landing Hawk.

OUT stepped the dramatic figure of Little Moose, a Chippewa. His beaded costume sparkled in the light.

He read poetry written by white people about Indians, and his voice seemed to gather together all the vanished Indians of America, and tell their tragic story, there in the still summer night. Then he told the old Chippewa legend of the medicine drum.

"Once there were twin boys in a Chippewa family," he said. "Even at the age of twelve they were great hunters. They were handsome, brave, the delight of the camp. One morning they did not come out of their wigwam. Their father, looking in, saw one boy dead, and the other lost in grief beside his brother.

"The boy fasted. He wandered heart-broken in the woods. And he saw a vision. A spirit told him how to make a medicine drum, how to chop off a piece of log, burn out the center, tighten buckskin over the end with a hoop, half fill the drum with water, and use a curved stick, shaped like a loon's head, for a drumstick.

"He held the drum against his dead brother's side. He beat on it, thump, thump, thump, in time to the beating of his own heart, and he sang the song the spirit had taught him in his vision. And the rhythm of the heartbeat, of life, was drummed into the dead boy. He opened his eyes. Life came back to him.

"That is why the medicine drum of the Chippewas is never beaten except to heal the sick."

THE drummers returned to the big drum, and all the dancers, men and women, lined up two by two for the Green Corn Dance.

Round and round the drum moved the double line of dancers, their feet beating a fast rhythm although the dancing line moved slowly forward.

It was a very old dance of late summer, a thanksgiving to the Sky Powers for a bountiful harvest, when everyone feasted on roasting ears and made hominy and dried corn for the winter.

Hidden by the crowd of dancers, Landing Hawk trotted out to the drum stand, and sat down with the drummers. He wanted to get a really good look at the way the dancers moved their feet.

Nobody said anything to him. He sat there watching very intently, and then he began to pat his feet on the ground like the dancers. As Long Feather went dancing by, Landing Hawk stepped in beside him and began to dance.

Now he felt that he was really a part of the ceremonial!

THE dancers rested, wrapped in their bright blankets.

The spotlight swung to Evergreen Tree.

He stretched out his arms and began to make the call of the eagle, a tiny, forlorn cry. Then he imitated the robin, the blackbird, and mocking-bird. Suddenly, with a sly grin, he began to hoot like an owl.

"To-whit to whoo," he called.

And out of the trees swept a great white owl, flapping his wings as he sailed through the beam of light, over the heads of the audience!

"To-whit to whoo!
Who cooks for youuuuu?"

shouted the big white owl.

Evergreen Tree was astonished. He had not known there were any owls in the woods. The audience stood up and cheered.

Landing Hawk grew sleepy. He seemed to remember a high voice singing, and a dog pushing a cold nose into his hand, and a woman crooning a Winnebago lullaby. Then his father carried him up the hill.

He went to sleep in the wigwam. Half awake now and then, he could hear Wasp, the dog, sniffing about outside . . . the wind in the trees . . . a restless bird chirping in its nest . . . a small creature running with a squeak through the grass. The outdoors was half indoors, and the night was talking to him. It was delicious, sleeping in a wigwam!

A DRUM was beating faintly, and a baby voice was singing, when Landing Hawk woke up early the next morning.

He peeped around the blanket that hung in the doorway of the wigwam.

There was Came-to-Earth, drumming away, while his little sister, Star Girl, did the Swan Dance!

She was only two years old, but she kept time to the drum.

Women going by to pump water smiled at her. Frisk Cloud, carrying home a sack of flour, sang a bit of the music. But nobody pulled Star Girl by the arm and said, "That isn't the right way to dance it!"

The little tots managed their own dancing lesson, and seemed to be teaching themselves faster than anyone could teach them.

"THAT must be Came-to-Earth singing," said a very old voice.

It was Good Star Woman coming out from her white tepee. She was a Sioux, almost a hundred years old, and blind. She knew every voice in camp.

She had been born in a tepee made of buffalo skin, out on the great plains. She knew every flower and tree and shrub so well that she could hold a blossom or leaf in her hand and tell what it was, even now that she was blind.

"She's a great medicine woman," everyone said, and the Indians came to her for strange, bitter tea made from roots and herbs, whenever they were ill.

"Each plant on earth was put there for the good of man," she said. "The white man experiments, and tests the plants to find out what good is in them. The Indian fasts, and sees visions, to learn how to use them. There are many ways to gain wisdom."

Everyone thought she was very wise, and believed that Indians must learn in a different way from white people.

GOOD STAR WOMAN walked slowly out into the sun, which she liked to feel on her white hair and her old hands, even though she could not see it.

She found a pile of sticks, and began to peel them, and then to scrape off the inner bark onto a cloth, where it lay in curls to dry in the sun.

"What's that for?" asked Landing Hawk.

"That is tsha'shasha," she said, "or what the white people call kinnikinik. You will hear them arguing about what it is, whether it is sumach, or the inner bark of dogwood or red willow, or a little creeping plant found on northern mountains. The truth is, it is anything mixed with tobacco and smoked.

"After these shavings are dry, I will crush them up fine. In the old days we used to grease our hands with buffalo fat before we crumbled the bark, to make it burn better. When we smoke it we use about two parts of tsha'shasha to one of tobacco. But not you, Landing Hawk. Tobacco was never smoked by the young warriors in the old days, because it shortened their breath and their running power. It was only for the council fire of the old and wise."

Landing Hawk looked at the scrapings of bark and thought he didn't care much about smoking it anyway.

FAR away, in a sunny meadow beyond the camp, Landing Hawk could see the feathery bonnet of Long Feather bobbing around.

He raced through the woods, and found Long Feather, Came-to-Earth, and a small Winnebago named He-Who-Comes-Singing, all very busy gathering flowers.

"We're learning to be medicine men," said Came-to-Earth. "We'll pick these flowers and leaves, and ask Good Star Woman what medicine you can make from them."

He-Who-Comes-Singing tasted one of the little white flowers. He made a face.

"No good at all," he said. "I don't want to be a medicine man!"

"He couldn't fast and see visions, anyway, he's always full of strawberry pop and marshmallows," said Long Feather disgustedly.

ALONG came Wind Blow, a boy who lived on the opposite side of the camp from Landing Hawk, and Came-to-Earth's little sister, Star Girl.

"Let's play we're dancing round the captive maiden," shouted Wind Blow, who liked to tease.

They forgot all about being medicine men, and began to dance in a ring around Star Girl, singing the war dance song at the top of their lungs.

Star Girl looked very cross. Then she began to cry, and call for her mother.

The boys ran away from the captive maiden as fast as they could.

LONG FEATHER and Landing Hawk took refuge with Energy Woman, who never scolded them for their pranks.

Landing Hawk took off his deertail headdress. The little braid of hair and tuft of cord which held the headdress in place stuck straight up from his head, like the stem on an apple.

Energy Woman was pounding swamp ash with a heavy ax. She would pound and pound for two or three days to make the wood soft enough so she could tear it into long strips. She wove these strips into strong baskets.

"What a lot of good things trees have given to the Indians who live in the forests!" she said, rolling the log over with her toe. "We have made houses of their boughs and bark, dug canoes out of their trunks, or shaped them from birch and elm bark. We have hollowed out wooden bowls and mortars, made toboggans and snowshoes, twisted rope from the inner bark of slippery elm and basswood to make fishnets. Trees have given us lances, bows and arrows, sugar and nuts, flutes and kettles. Give an old-fashioned Indian some dry sticks and leaves, and he could make a fire. But that was in the old days. Now Indians run to the store for matches, just like the white people."

She picked up the ax and began to pound again, with steady, stubborn blows.

ENERGY WOMAN stooped down to the log and began to pull away strips of wood.

The pale, fresh ribbons of swamp ash came off in even widths at the tug of her fingers.

The sap smelled good as the sun drew it from the log. Birds sang in the trees, and squirrels darted up and down their trunks. The boys stretched lazily on the grass and listened to Energy Woman tell of the day when these Wisconsin woods were the home of the Winnebagoes.

They could imagine they saw the ginger-colored deer slip through the woods, and heard the bow twang and the arrow strike, as Indian hunters shot from the bushes. They could fancy themselves chasing squirrels from the sap-buckets at maple sugar time, or racing on snowshoes over the tingling snow. They could see tall warriors with legs painted white below the knees to show that they had been on the warpath in winter. They could smell the smoke from many lodges, and see grave faces about the council fire, and the wild dances of people who felt strong and free.

Energy Woman had made a big pile of strips as she talked. Now she gathered up an armful of the strips, and so did Long Feather and Landing Hawk. Then all three walked thoughtfully through the woods back to camp.

ENERGY WOMAN gave half of her ash strips to her granddaughter, Queen-of-Eagles, who had learned how to make baskets from the skillful old woman.

Queen-of-Eagles sat under a bark shelter, a wigwam frame with only a few pieces of bark on top to make a shade. The air blew through, under the bark roof, and it was a fine cool place to work.

Landing Hawk sat watching the rapid fingers of Queen-of-Eagles as she wove her basket. Every once in a while she wove in a bright strip of dyed ash, red or green or brown.

"There's not enough red in that basket," thought Landing Hawk to himself.

When the basket was half done, Energy Woman asked Queen-of-Eagles to get some sugar and bacon at the trading-post.

That was just the chance that Landing Hawk had been waiting for!

WHEN Queen-of-Eagles had gone, he set to work on her basket.

He wove in a lot of the red strips, in and out, not quite as Queen-of-Eagles had been doing it, but in a way he liked.

It was fun, and the basket began to look very red when Queen-of-Eagles came back.

"Why you little scamp!" said Queen-of-Eagles, snatching up her basket and pulling out all the lovely red strips. "Boys of your age ought to be kept in cages!"

"Now, Queen-of-Eagles, that's just what you used to do to my baskets when you were a little girl," laughed Energy Woman, who had been watching the work of Landing Hawk.

Landing Hawk decided he would be better off in Energy Woman's wigwam.

SHE was weaving too, so fast you could not follow her brown fingers, but not making a basket.

She had stretched long strands of wool from one pole of the wigwam to another. Without a loom or any sort of frame, she was weaving a pretty striped belt of blue and white and green wool. She had no shuttle or bobbin, but did it all with her fingers.

Landing Hawk's brow puckered as he tried to see how she pulled one strand of yarn over another. The belt seemed to be growing just by magic.

EVEN when Energy Woman let go of her weaving, it did not ravel out, like knitting.

She pulled her fingers out for a moment, and spread the mesh to let Landing Hawk see how even and fine it was.

"Fingers are better than machines," she said proudly.

THE night began to fall. You could smell coffee and meat and hot bread on the air, and girls were laying plates on the outdoor tables beside the sparkling campfires.

Soon it would be time to put on the finest beads and buckskins and feathers, and go down again to the dance-ground for the evening ceremonial.

Landing Hawk thought of all that Energy Woman had done that day. She had pounded ash, made a basket, woven part of a belt, cut out some moccasins, cooked, kept a baby happy in a hammock swung from her wigwam poles.

"Aren't you too tired to dance, grandmother?" he asked.

Energy Woman, who was fastening silver ear-rings eight inches long in her ears, laughed at him.

"Tired? I'm going to win the contest dance tonight," she said.

She picked up a turkey feather fan and a gourd rattle, and whirled into the rapid swing and stamp of the contest dance.

Long Feather joined in, tried to dance as fast as she did. But no one could make feet fly as fast as Energy Woman.

EVERY time he got a chance, Landing Hawk listened to Sitting-in-the-Day tell stories. One day he found the old man telling the story of Chief Black Hawk to Came-to-Earth and Star Girl.

"A mile or two up the river, not far from Stand Rock, two Winnebagoes captured Black Hawk, the great Sauk chief," he said.

"Black Hawk and his warriors had been fighting the white people. This was all more than a hundred years ago, in the spring of 1832, when they went on the warpath. The other Indians advised them not to make war. 'There are too many white people, you cannot conquer them,' they told Black Hawk.

"But all his life Black Hawk had been growing more and more bitter. He had seen wave after wave of white people come on from the east, hem in the Indians, crowd them westward. Now his own people were going to be driven from their home. No longer could they pray at the graves of their ancestors, and be guided by the spirits of the wise. Black Hawk felt he would rather die fighting than lose his home.

"White soldiers were sent against him, and the fighting did not last long. Black Hawk and his friend, the Prophet, escaped and took refuge in one of the rocky caves among the Dells of the Wisconsin River. The white soldiers did not want to kill him, for he had only been fighting to save his home, as they themselves would do.

"SO they sent two Winnebagoes to bring him back alive. They found him. On August 27, 1832, he was turned over to a great white war chief, Colonel Zachary Taylor. Later that war chief was president of the United States.

"Even though the Winnebagoes captured Black Hawk for the white people, the Black Hawk war was our ruin. The whites and the Indians began to be afraid of each other. The government decided that they could not live near each other safely. And so, in 1837, we Winnebagoes were forced to sell our lands. Ever since, for a whole century, we have been a wandering people. We have no place that is our own. That is why we come back to the Dells, to our old home. Listen to our old songs, learn our old dances here! You will not have a chance to hear them often."

Across the river, formed naturally in the rocks, was a stony profile, like the stern face of an Indian warrior. Everyone called it "Black Hawk's Face." Sitting-in-the-Day looked a long time at the great harsh brown face glowing in the sun. Then he sighed and turned back into his wigwam.

"HE won't tell any more stories today," said Long Feather. "Let's play that Stands Alone is Black Hawk, and he can go and hide in a cave, and we'll be the Winnebagoes who find him!"

Stands Alone scampered off through the trees, while the other two boys sang songs, with their eyes shut, to give him a start. Then they went scrambling over the rocks to catch "Chief Black Hawk."

Landing Hawk and Long Feather climbed up and down the rocks. They slipped quietly from tree to tree. They hid under flat ledges. They felt like Indians of the old, wild days.

IN one place they found a small moccasin print in damp earth. In another they noticed a bit of freshly broken stone. They felt very proud of themselves when they found the hollow in the rock where Stands Alone had hidden.

There he sat, eating peanuts.

"Slow pokes!" he said. "I am tired waiting for you. And I left such a fine trail of peanuts for you, too!"

Landing Hawk was surprised. He had not seen any peanuts, and he thought they had been so crafty in trailing Stands Alone. But Long Feather said, "Yes, a fine trail! The squirrels ate it right up again!"

"Chief Black Hawk" was made prisoner, after a short scuffle, and the peanuts were captured by the scouts.

THEN for several days it rained, and there was no playing on the slippery rocks.

Rain pattered all night on the trees, and by day fires smoked in wigwams. The women beaded new tobacco pouches for the men. Men made drums, listened to the thunder, and told tales of the Thunderbirds, who, unseen, walk with rain while their footsteps shake the ground.

He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail brought out an ancient otterskin medicine bag, its paws and tail trimmed with red and green ribbon work. He told how it had been used in many religious ceremonies, and how, when the medicine man struck anyone on the shoulder with the head of the otter, that man would fall down in a trance, and see a vision. As the thunder grumbled, and the men talked of mysteries, Landing Hawk felt strange forces all about him.

Walks-on-Snow, his father, explained how the stories of the Winnebago religion gave the Winnebagoes many of their names.

"Long ago Earth-Maker sent four men, like spirits, down to earth from the sky, and a thick fog blew about them," he said. "So we have the names He-Who-Comes-from-Above, Spirit Man, Walking-in-Mist, Comes-in-Mist, and Drizzling Rain Woman. They landed on bushes and trees, then stepped to the ground. From that part of the story we name people She-Who-Bends-the-Bushes, He-Who-Alights-on-a-Tree, and He-Who-Alights-on-the-Ground.

"THE long-winged Thunderbirds came walking with the four men, wrapped in clouds, shaking the earth, bringing wind and rain and hail, flashing lightning from their eyes. Thus we get the names He-Who-Has-Long-Wings, He-Who-Walks-in-the-Clouds, He-Who-Comes-Walking-with-a-Mighty-Tread, He-Who-Walks-with-Rain, He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail, Flashes-in-Every-Direction, and Streak-of-Lightning.

"Of course, these are all names of people who belong to the Thunderbird Clan. The Deer Clan, the Buffalo, the Water-Spirit, and the Snake Clans all have their own stories and their own special names."

Landing Hawk grew very dreamy as he heard the old stories. In the sky, the clouds, the trees, the river, he began to feel that there lived spirits unseen.

But when the sun burst out one morning, he met it with a gay smile. How fine to be able to play again!

AS he ran out of the wigwam, he saw his father digging a round pit and Long Feather watching with great interest.

"Corn roast! Corn roast!" he shouted to Landing Hawk. "A famous chief has come to the Sioux camp. And there's going to be a big party for him!"

Landing Hawk had heard about cooking corn and other food in pits in the ground. Energy Woman said that was the way the Winnebagoes used to cook all sorts of food, and that corn cooked in the pit and then cut from the cob and dried would keep for years.

Fish could be cooked that way, and corn puddings. The food was left in the pit-oven all night, and was delicious when taken out next day.

"BOYS who want to eat lots of roast corn must carry stones," said Walks-on-Snow as he dug the pit.

So all the boys of the camp began hunting around for big smooth rocks to put in the bottom of the pit. Long Feather grunted as he carried some very big ones.

When the pit was finished it was about four feet wide and three feet deep.

LONG FEATHER sat down on a strip of canvas beside Energy Woman to help husk the ears. Her hands were flying among the corn stalks, stripping off the crisp green leaves.

Long Feather was slow and clumsy at the husking.

"You earned your corn carrying stones," said Energy Woman. "Go over to the Sioux camp and see Chief Walking Hawk. I know that's where all you boys want to be this morning!"

IN the Sioux camp the boys found everyone astir. In front of one of the tepees stood the visitor, Chief Walking Hawk.

He was a tall old man with a keen, strong face, and his narrow eyes seemed to be looking across wide prairies. He walked proudly and said little, but he seemed pleased to see old friends again.

"You can almost understand the Sioux when they talk, and yet you can't, quite," said Landing Hawk.

"That's because they are related to the Winnebagoes, so grandmother says," explained Long Feather. "We are really Siouan Indians, we Winnebagoes. Long ago we all lived in the Eastern part of the United States. Then the people began moving slowly westward, just as the white people did many years later.

"Most of the Sioux crossed the Mississippi, and lived on the plains. But the Winnebagoes remained in Wisconsin, and kept on being woodland Indians. Our language changed, and so did theirs, but it's still quite a lot the same. You know, we call a dog 'shoonk,' and they say 'shoonka.' But we call a horse 'shoonk hah-dah' (big dog) and they say 'shoonka tonka.' Just enough difference to mix you all up!"

"Well, I certainly never knew the Sioux were our relatives," said Landing Hawk. "They even used to be our enemies!"

"Oh, lots of relatives don't get along very well," said Long Feather.

NOW the boys could see quite a crowd around the corn-roast pit.

They ran home and found that a fire had been built on the stones, to get them very hot. Walks-on-Snow was taking out the smoking ashes on a shovel when they arrived, and Energy Woman had a pile of cornstalks and husks all ready to line the pit.

She covered the hot rocks quickly with a deep layer of the stalks. Then they all laid eight dozen white ears of sweet corn on the green cornstalks. On top went more stalks and husks.

Walks-on-Snow quickly poured on four pails of water, and spread an old blanket on top of the steaming pit. He covered the blanket with the earth he had shoveled from the pit.

Landing Hawk, Long Feather, Stands Alone, and Came-to-Earth all danced as hard as they could on top of the mound, to pack it down.

"Tomorrow we'll open up the pit just in time for dinner," said One-to-Be-Proud, Landing Hawk's mother.

THE camp was very busy next day.

Long tables were spread under the trees. Meat was broiling around one big bed of coals, and several women were preparing a huge kettle of mashed potatoes.

And everywhere good cooks were making "fry-bread," a crisp, puffy biscuit as large as a pie, which turned brown when fried in pans of sizzling fat. It was made of flour, salt, baking-powder, and water, and patted into a round, flat cake.

AT the last minute the pit of roasted corn was opened.

The earth was removed, the blanket lifted up, the wilted corn-stalks taken out.

There lay the long-cooked ears, brown and steamy. Energy Woman, One-to-Be-Proud, and Walks-on-Snow snatched the corn out quickly into big pans.

A grassy smell came up from the pit, which was still very warm.

LONG FEATHER, pretending to help, fished up two fine large ears, and gave one to Landing Hawk.

At the first taste, Landing Hawk made a puckery face. The corn tasted like grass, and slightly sour! He liked it better when his mother just boiled it in a kettle.

But Long Feather thought it was good.

"You'll never be much of an Indian," he said loftily. "Nothing tastes better than pit-roasted corn!"

ONE of the Sioux, Good-Voice-on-Earth, began to beat a Sioux war drum. He made up a come-to-dinner song which set everyone to laughing. The Sioux men, who had politely pretended not to notice that dinner was ready, came trooping out of the tepees at the sound of the drum, and walked with their slow, dignified stride over toward the tables.

They were delighted at the party for their Chief, and full of Indian jokes and fun.

THE Sioux women were wearing their finest dresses, and they all admired the deep yoke of dentalium shells on the dress of Wind Woman.

There were hundreds of the little seashells, white and slim like cat's teeth, sewed on in rows.

"Those shells are prized like diamonds by the Sioux women," said One-to-Be-Proud. "They will pay more for this kind of seashell than for the prettiest beads in the world."

THE little twin daughters of Beautiful Cloud were the belles of the Winnebago camp.

Night-Walking-Girl and her sister Daylight-as-She-Walks both had soft white buckskin dresses, and long bands of beadwork about their necks.

But Daylight-as-She-Walks had her dress covered by a new blue mantle with a gay border of ribbon work in mulberry and cream silk, at which Beautiful Cloud had been stitching for days. On her back she carried a patient-looking doll in a baby carrier.

Their names were the names always given in the Bear Clan to the first and second girls in the family. The third girl was always named She-Who-Thrusts-Herself-Within-the-Lodge, and the fourth Visible-Footprints-Girl. The first four boys in a Bear Clan family would be named He-Who-Is-Very-Black, Brown Bear, Blue Bear, and White Bear.

THE liveliest person at the party was Frisk Cloud.

In his gayest dance clothes, with his loops of beads hanging down from his head band, he came along laughing with a crowd of children about him as usual.

He began to dance back and forth, to and from the table, one hand stretched out, like the Sioux in the Dog Feast Dance.

Then he produced an old wire coat hanger. Using it like a bow and arrow, he shot imaginary arrows at the women carrying up platters of meat and corn to the tables.

HE pretended to be frightened when Rainbow borrowed a real bow and arrow from a Sioux and aimed at him.

"Did you bring a haunch of bear meat to this party?" she asked severely. "Did you make any fry-bread? Or even husk any corn?"

It was a very gay party, and Landing Hawk was astonished to see how much everyone liked the pit-roasted corn. He ate a lot of fry-bread and jelly.

He hoped they would often have famous Sioux chiefs come to visit the camp.

AFTER dinner the women played a game with a wooden bowl and a pile of plum pits painted on one side. They tossed the pits up in the air and caught them in the bowl, and had their own mysterious way of reckoning up the score.

The men played a favorite game of the Winnebagoes, the Moccasin Game.

Each man had two pieces of dark, folded cloth lying in front of him. These represented moccasins. One man had four small round stones, one of them marked. He held them concealed in his hand, and pretended to hide the marked stone under first one moccasin and then another.

The players on the opposite row had to guess under which moccasin the marked stone really was.

They seemed to keep a perfectly blank face as they played, but it was very hard to fool the players on the other side. This straight-faced game lasted all afternoon.

One of the men drummed and sang while the others were playing the Moccasin Game.

LAUGHING WOMAN of the Sioux walked past the plum-pit game, carrying a mass of heavy white cloth over her arm.

"I'm going to make a tepee for Chief Walking Hawk and his little granddaughter, so they can stay at the show this summer," she said.

Several of the boys and girls followed her to the orchard and sat under an apple tree, watching, while she spread the cloth out upon the grass. First she stretched out a double layer of canvas, five and a half yards long, for the back of the tepee. Then she drove a peg in the ground, tied to it a cord six yards long, and pulled the cord at right angles to the canvas on the ground. Along this cord she stretched another double layer of canvas for the front of the tepee.

SHE kept on putting down double layers of canvas beside the one marked by the cord. Then she rounded off the edges of the strips of canvas so that she had a quarter-circle of double canvas on the ground. When it was sewed together and opened out to a single thickness, it would be a half-circle.

The big pieces she had trimmed away were shaped to make smoke flaps, and were laid in place near the peg. These smoke flaps would be fastened to poles so that they could be moved as the wind changed. They would cause a draft which would carry the smoke out of the tepee. Laughing Woman cut the left-over scraps of canvas into peg strips, and she did not waste a single inch of cloth.

THE next day after the tepee had been cut out, the Sioux women were busy sewing the seams.

Shining Wings, the sister of Stands Alone, sat close to Laughing Woman, watching how the close stitches were laid.

"This tepee will be about sixteen feet across," said Laughing Woman. "In the old days some of the chiefs had tents fifty feet across. The tepee always has the door facing the east, just like your wigwam or any other Indian lodge. The north, or right-hand side, belongs to the wife, the south, or left-hand side, to the husband. The old leather tepees, meant for defying a hard prairie winter, were lined about six feet up with leather. This lining had all sorts of pretty decorations, painted designs and beaded stars.

"When a Sioux woman set up her tepee, she first drove a stake where the fire was to be. Then she tied a rawhide rope to the stake and walked around, drawing a circle of the size she wished. She removed the sod along that circle, and dug a trench a foot deep.

"Then she tied three or four tent poles together, about three feet from the top, while they lay on the ground, and fastened the top of the tent to these poles. Up they went, covering and all, and were planted firmly in their places in the trench. Then the other poles were put in, in a certain order, so that they locked at the top. There should be a pole every thirty inches around the base of the tepee.

"AFTER the tepee was up, the sods which had been removed to make the trench were lapped one over the other all around the bottom of the tepee, to keep out drafts. A fireplace was dug in the center of the lodge. The sod was skinned off the ground, the earth was beaten down, watered well, then dry grass was strewn over the floor and burned. All this was repeated three or four times. Then you had a fine hard floor, like cement, easy to sweep with a twig broom. And when the camp was moved to follow the buffalo, the earth was left covered with round bare spots, where the tepees had been, as if someone had made them with a big cookie-cutter. In the ridge of sods around the edge, prairie dogs moved in and made their homes, after the Indians had gone.

"Usually there were some pictures on the outside of the tent. A peace pipe painted near the door was a sign of welcome. A dark band represented night. If the owner of the tent had seen something in a vision, a horse, a wolf, or a ghost peering out of the moon, he might paint that on."

The new tepee was finished and put up in two days. Chief Walking Hawk and his little granddaughter moved in. One of the Sioux painted on the tepee a lively picture of a buffalo hunt.

A GREAT friend of Chief Walking Hawk was Iron Eyes. He was not as old as the chief, but he could speak the sign language, and the two enjoyed talking together in signs and puzzling the younger Indians.

Landing Hawk and Long Feather tried to learn the signs, and Iron Eyes, with many chuckles, taught them some simple ones.

"Nearly all Indians knew the sign language more or less," he said, "but the plains Indians used it most, because they traveled far and met many different tribes.

"Hand signs were not the only ones. A chief could direct his warriors by certain waves of his lance. If he held up the lance and made a horizontal circle around his head, that signal meant 'Surround the enemy.'

"Then there were smoke signals, visible for miles. The Indians made a smoky fire with green fuel, and held a blanket over it to catch the smoke. They let it go in big puffs.

"One puff meant 'Stand by.' It was like 'Hello' on the telephone. Two puffs meant 'Come to us' and three puffs meant 'We are coming to you.' Four meant 'We are pursuing the enemy' and five meant 'We are surrounded by the enemy.' But you boys be careful. Don't start any fires in these dry woods and burn us out. We won't need any smoke signals in this camp!"

The boys grinned guiltily. That was just what they had planned.

TO please the boys, Chief Walking Hawk and Iron Eyes would talk in words, and at the same time say the same thing in signs.

The boys learned that every conversation in the sign language begins with the waggling of one hand in front of the speaker, to show that the talking is to be done by hands, not by tongues.

Two forked fingers advanced forward from the eyes meant "see." Two forked fingers moving outward from the mouth meant "a white man," for the white man speaks with two tongues, saying one thing and meaning another!

One hand swept over another meant "go" or "travel." Two hands a few inches apart moving forward like fish swimming meant "a long way." One fist banged down on the other meant "stay here," or "home."

One of the Sioux wagged his hand and then made the other three signs, very rapidly, when he wanted to say "I have traveled a long way from home."

The older Sioux understood him perfectly, but the boys were puzzled. They decided it took a lot of imagination to talk and understand in the sign language. And they didn't like the way Iron Eyes rocked with laughter when they tried to speak in signs!

ALL the boys of the camp kept an eye on the tepee of Walks-Around-It, for he was always doing something interesting. They would bring him turkey feathers and old felt hats to be fashioned into war bonnets. And his patient hands were always ready to smooth an arrow shaft or string a bow, or trim a lance with crow feathers.

When he made arrows he was very serious about it.

"This is the wrong time of year to make arrows," he would say, as he sharpened a tip or glued on a feather. "Wood should be gathered in the fall, and hung in bundles from the lodge poles to dry until February. Osage orange is the best wood. The Sioux used to travel miles to get it, in the days when food and safety depended on good arrows.

"But you can use ash or cedar, elm or ironwood, or even pine. The arrow shaft ought to be scraped perfectly round, and have three grooves down it. These keep the arrow straight, let the blood flow freely, and also represent the lightning whose speed should be in every arrow.

"And the feathers should be only those of hawks, held tight with deer-hoof glue. The arrow heads must be of hard stone. This is a hunting arrow that I am making, so it has a long slim head, shaped to be easy to pull out. War arrows had a short, sharp point, with barbed ends, so they were not easy to pull out."

EVERGREEN TREE joined the group around the arrow-maker. He had with him a new rawhide quiver, painted in beautiful designs of thunderbirds and flashes of lightning. One of the most skillful of the Sioux women had made it for him in exchange for a silver necklace made by his people, the Cochití.

He picked up the arrow and squinted down it.

"Make me some arrows with the feathers dyed green, so I'll know they're mine," he said.

"That's the way to make arrows, with the owner's mark on them so he can tell his own," said Iron Eyes. "When the Sioux hunted in bands, the game was given to the man whose arrow hit the vital spot."

"But those owner-marks used to make trouble, sometimes," said Walks-Around-It. "For instance, an Indian of another tribe might steal some Sioux arrows and go on the war path. Then the Sioux were blamed for the death of the people killed by those arrows. Many wars started that way, and much trouble with the white people."

"Well, I don't expect to go on the war path this summer, so you can make me some green-tipped arrows, green for Evergreen Tree," said the jolly little Cochití.

"If you carry your bow strung tight all the time you won't do much harm on the war path," laughed Walks-Around-It. "That's the way to spoil a bow. The cord should be knotted at one end to the bow, but tied in a loop at the other, so the bow can be strung quickly. When not in use, the bow should be unstrung."

THEN the Sioux argued about bows. Iron Eyes said a bow should be made of three layers of dry oak, wound with buffalo sinew, with a bow string made of the gut of a buffalo or deer. Walks-Around-It said that bows of hickory or ash were the best, with a cord made of the ligaments on each side of the backbone of a moose.

"You split the ligament and scrape it, then roll it over your thigh with the right hand, while you pull with your left," he said.

"Old Four-Hands always used that kind of bow, I remember, and he could shoot one arrow per second. His arrow would fly about two hundred yards, but of course it hadn't much force after thirty yards.

"He always wore a deerskin bow-guard on his left arm. And he had one of the finest shields I ever saw, of two circles of hide two feet across, cut from the hide of the neck of a buffalo. Nothing but a steel bullet would go through this shield."

Landing Hawk tried hard to understand the Sioux words. He wanted to ask about the right way to hold a bow. Then he saw Gray Rain, one of the best Winnebago dancers, practicing some fancy steps for the contest dance. He trotted over with a small bow and arrow, and Gray Rain showed him how to aim. He sent a blunt arrow against the back of Evergreen Tree, who jumped, then howled like a wounded wolf, and went hopping off on one foot, while the whole camp laughed at his nonsense.

FOR days after that all the boys were practicing with their bows and arrows. And of course, war soon broke out.

One of the arrows that went flashing through the camp struck little Star Girl and she dropped her stick of candy in the dust.

She ran crying loudly to her brother, Came-to-Earth.

He let fly an arrow, wildly aimed, at Long Feather, who was laughing. It broke a mirror in the fur cap of He-Who-Comes-with-Wind-and-Hail!

And Long Feather's next arrow went plop into a pan of fry-bread cooking in front of Rainbow's wigwam.

Then Chief Lone Tree issued a solemn decree.

"No more shooting in camp," he said. "Go away back into the woods to shoot arrows. If we upset any more fry-bread, and get the women after us, none of us warriors will be safe!"

ONE day everyone was startled to see Hole-in-the-Sky, a tall Chippewa, riding into camp bareback on a spotted pony. The pony was wearing a handsome Sioux bridle of solid beadwork, with red wool fringes and ribbon-covered reins.

"What's an Indian show without a horse?" demanded Hole-in-the-Sky. "This horse is going to pull a travois (trav-wah). We'll get one of the Sioux women to fix it up just right."

"I thought dogs pulled the travois," said Landing Hawk.

"It was pulled by dogs before the white people brought the horse to America," said Iron Eyes.

"And what happened when the dog saw a rabbit?" asked Landing Hawk.

"He was pulling a load of fifty to a hundred pounds, so he didn't have his mind on rabbits," laughed Iron Eyes. "The travois was made of two lodge poles, tied over the horse's back, with cross pieces on the trailing ends, to hold bundles. The folded tent cover, kettles, clothing, bags of food, all went on a horse-drawn travois. Sometimes the old people rode on top of the bundles, and often a woman and a child rode the horse."

"We Winnebagoes used travois, too, after the white people made wide roads," said Chief Lone Tree. "But they were of no use on narrow trails through the woods. Women carried the burdens on their backs, when woodland Indians moved. And of course they didn't move about as much as the plains Indians did."

"WHAT a difference the horse made in the life of the plains Indians," said Iron Eyes. "Before they had horses, they couldn't follow the buffalo easily, and they were often short of food. But as soon as the horses brought by the Spaniards to the Southwest had spread over the plains, the Sioux and other plains Indians learned to ride like the wind. That was the day of their greatness, when they could rove everywhere, hunting, fighting, free as air!"

"Why didn't they use boats? The forest Indians got around pretty fast with canoes, so Frisk Cloud says," said Landing Hawk.

"They did make boats, by stretching rawhide over a round frame," said Iron Eyes. "But in the forest, streams were many, and they led the Indians to game. On the plains streams were fewer, and did not necessarily lead to the buffalo herds. To a woodland Indian a river was a road. To a plains Indian it was just a nuisance, something he had to get across, and any clumsy boat would do."

Landing Hawk thought a great deal about the Indians and their horses as he watched Rainbow and Laughing Woman prepare the travois. They had to give the horse Snowball a few rehearsals, up and down along the river bank. Snowball snorted and pawed the ground at first, to show what he thought of travois. Hole-in-the-Sky led him, and Stands Alone rode, until the pony was resigned to pulling the travois in the show.

"IF they have a travois scene in the show, we really ought to do a buffalo dance," said Laughing Woman. "As Iron Eyes said, the horse was important because on horses the Sioux could keep up with the buffalo herds. You know, to a Sioux a buffalo was the center of life, a sort of big trading-post. Buffalo hides made us tents, boats, shields, cooking-kettles, shoe soles. Their flesh gave us food, their sinews thread and bowstrings and fish lines. Their hair made pillows and saddle pads. From their ribs we made skis and sled runners. From their hoofs we made rattles and glue. No wonder you see buffalo painted on tents, represented in dances, buffalo horns on headdresses, buffalo signs in beadwork.

"When the Sioux depended on dogs for traveling, they were always in danger of hunger, though they did make hunting trips after buffalo. They lived on the edge of the woods, but did not know the woodcraft of the woodland Indians."

One of the Winnebago boys who had been listening, went over to his dog, Yellow Tree.

"I'm glad they don't make dogs pull travois now, Yellow Tree," he said, shaking hands with his pet.

Yellow Tree barked back, "They'd have to catch me first!"

GOOD-VOICE-ON-EARTH, sitting before his tepee, said, "Yes, Yellow Tree is a lucky dog. But he never goes on hunts, or gets any buffalo meat to eat! Life was hard, but exciting, in the old days. Let me show you some of the fine things the Sioux used to pack on their travois."

The boys and girls crowded eagerly into his big tepee, which was full of all sorts of things that his father had treasured, and had given to Good-Voice-on-Earth.

Landing Hawk and Long Feather pounced on an old Sioux lance which had really been carried in battle. It was tipped with flint, the stone of the thunder and the lightning; and trimmed with crow feathers, because the crow led people to the buffalo, and with swan feathers to stand for the power of the thunderbird, and with owl feathers to give the guidance and protection of the north star. It was a very powerful lance, full of "magic."

Stands Alone held open a big rawhide parflèche (par′flesh). It could be opened out flat. In it Good-Voice-on-Earth placed a fine war bonnet, just as the Sioux used to pack their bonnets away to take on a journey. Shining Wings stroked a beautiful beaded vest. Its white background stood for the snow, and the bravery of winter warfare. It was covered with bead pictures of Sioux warriors on horseback, their long headdresses trailing.

"Show us the baby-carriers, Daddy," said the little daughter of Good-Voice-on-Earth.

GOOD-VOICE-ON-EARTH brought out three different kinds of carriers, all very lovely. They had cost the mothers who made them many weeks of work.

"Cradle-boards are one of the best things the Indian ever invented," said Good-Voice-on-Earth. "Just imagine what an Indian mother would have done, trying to tan hides, gather berries and roots, dry meat, make tents and clothes, and at the same time keep an eye on the baby. Suppose he crawled off in the woods and a bear got him, or a snake bit him. No, it was much better to tuck him up snugly on a cradle-board and hang it on the limb of a tree. Then his mother could pick him up quickly, and carry him and several other bundles at the same time.

"Each tribe of Indians had their own way of making cradle-boards. My daughter is holding a Sioux carrier, beaded solidly over every inch of the buckskin. And look, Shining Wings, at this Cheyenne cradle hood. The wide green stripes are green trails of plenty, these blue crosses are whirlwinds. The other signs mean mountains, rainbows, and sacred medicine bags. The big Ute cradle-board, made of soft brown buckskin, has a wicker head-protector, and the beadwork stands for tepees, trails, and camp. See how neatly the baby could be laced in!"

Shining Wings admired them all, but she thought to herself, "I am sure our Winnebago cradle-boards are the nicest of all, nicest for the baby!"

NEXT morning Shining Wings came over to Landing Hawk's wigwam and shyly asked his mother, "May I borrow your cradle-board for a few hours?"

One-to-Be-Proud lifted the cradle-board down from a hook on the wigwam frame, and gave it to the little girl without asking any questions.

Shining Wings carried it out under a tree, and began to call, "Wejuka, Wejuka!" Her yellow kitten came running to her. She wrapped Wejuka up tightly in a small blue blanket and began to bind her onto the board.

"See, Wejuka, what a fine cradle-board this is," said Shining Wings. "It has a piece that slides, so it fits short babies and long babies. And from the head-protector you can hang toys that dance for the baby to play with. I'll put you in it, and then Yellow Tree can't chase you."

But Wejuka only mewed and growled, and with one last wriggle she slipped out of the shawl and ran up the tree, very cross.

One-to-Be-Proud and Rainbow had watched the little girl with broad smiles.

"Bring the cradle-board here, Shining Wings," called Rainbow. "I'll show you what to put in it."

RAINBOW picked up her own fat little son and laid him gently on the board, adjusting it so that his head came under the head-protector, and his feet touched the foot-rest. Landing Hawk and Long Feather began to take an interest, and came close to watch.

Rainbow wrapped the baby in plenty of soft quilts, and as a last touch she bound a wide beaded band all around him, and drew the trimming band of beadwork straight down from the head-protector to the end of the board.

Shining Wings was delighted and wanted to carry him on her back.

But the baby began to make a noise very much like the mew of Wejuka.

"Does he have to stay there?" asked Landing Hawk sorrowfully.

"Not if he makes a noise like that," said Rainbow. "He's just a modern Indian baby. At his age the old-fashioned Indian child would have been taught to keep still. His crying might some time betray the whole camp to an enemy."

SO the baby was taken off the cradle-board, and immediately he became as gay and good-natured as any other little rascal who has just got his own way.

Shining Wings cuddled him and admired his new teeth. Landing Hawk and Long Feather danced to make him laugh, so they could see his dimples.

"I'll show you what he likes," said Rainbow. "You hold him while I put up a hammock."

SHINING WINGS watched closely while Rainbow knotted a rope in a double strand between two poles.

Then Rainbow brought out a soft white blanket, put it under the ropes, folded one edge over to the rope on the opposite side, then brought the remaining edge of the blanket up, lapping it over the first one.

She stretched one end of the hammock with a stick.

When the baby lay on the overlapping ends of the blanket, his weight kept the blanket from slipping.

"Don't let the stick drop out," she told Came-to-Earth, when he ran over to swing the baby. He was going to sleep. Landing Hawk and Long Feather lost interest in him, and ran off to play.

JUST as the baby went sound asleep, Came-to-Earth heard the voice of Stands Alone, down by the river.

"Come here, come here," he shouted. "See the Chippewa canoe that Hole-in-the-Sky gave me!"

Came-to-Earth's feet flew over the grass. Landing Hawk and Long Feather came running.

They found Stands Alone launching the canoe, with two passengers in it. They were two ancient rag dolls from the tepee of Good-Voice-on-Earth.

"Look, the water's coming in that end of the canoe," said Came-to-Earth in alarm. "Maybe those dolls can't swim!"

Stands Alone rescued the dolls, and Came-to-Earth ran home with them. The two boys pulled the canoe on shore. It looked very fine with its bright porcupine-quill embroidery, but there was a hole in one end.

"Hole-in-the-Sky says they used to fill up the leaks with pitch, when they made big bark canoes that really traveled on the rivers," said Stands Alone. They hunted up a pine tree, and tugged away at a few gummy drops.

"I say let's use chewing gum," said Stands Alone, looking at his sticky hands.

HE had even got some of the pitch on his beaded vest, so the boys decided to go home by way of his grandmother's wigwam.

Grandmother brought out a bottle of liquid and cleaned off the pitch.

"What will you boys look like at the end of the summer?" she said. "Stained buckskins, beads ripped off moccasins from scrambling on those rocks . . ."

"What's that you have in front of the wigwam?" asked Stands Alone hastily, to change the subject from pitch and tattered beadwork.

"That? Oh, that's an old buckskin strung up on a frame," said his grandmother. "Lots of white people ask me how the Indians used to tan buckskin. It's hard to tell all that in English. So I put up this skin, and found an old fleshing adze. Now when they ask me, I just pick up the adze and scrape the skin. Then I don't need to talk!

"Of course if I had a real hide, and scraped the skin and flesh off with the adze, and rubbed in elk brains, and then grained the hide with a sharp bone, and smoked it over a fire of rotten wood so the leather would stand wetting—well, if I did all that, the white people wouldn't say 'How interesting!' They'd say 'What an awful smell!' "

Grandmother and the boys doubled up with laughter.

ON their way home through the woods the three boys found Walks-in-the-Light, a pretty Winnebago girl, working away under a tree, all by herself, with a lot of new buckskin.

"Oh!" she said, and gave a little jump when she saw them.

"What are you doing? Why are you sewing away off here?" they asked her.

"Can you keep a secret?" she said. "Don't you dare tell anyone. We're planning a surprise for Good Star Woman. She will be a hundred years old next Wednesday. And we are making her a new dress and moccasins and bracelets, a whole fine new outfit. She'll be proud of it, even if she can't see it."

Walks-in-the-Light was slashing away at the fringe along the bottom of the skirt.

"If we can get some elk teeth, I'll sew them on for trimming, too," she said. "Now I'm going back home and begin the bracelets for her. Remember, don't tell a soul. We want to surprise her."

"OH, we won't tell, we aren't like Came-to-Earth," said Long Feather loftily. "He told everybody when my arrow landed in Rainbow's fry-bread."

Walks-in-the-Light laughed, and they all followed her back to her wigwam and watched her as she began her beadwork. She strung a long string of beads, counting them according to her pattern. Then she pushed the strung beads up between threads drawn tight, like a little hammock.

They sprang into place and rapidly wove a starry design.

"See, those are stars for Good Star Woman's name," she said.

Fastened to a black cloth before her were three beautiful belts of Winnebago beadwork. One, with a pattern of leaves and flowers, had each bead stitched firmly to a leather foundation. The other two, of woven beads, were a new and an old Winnebago pattern.

The old belt was made so that it showed a different design in back and front. It was so old that some of the beads were falling out. Walks-in-the-Light kept it to copy its fine colors and arrowy pattern.

"Who's making the moccasins for Good Star Woman?" asked Landing Hawk.

"See that Sioux woman over there? She's working on them now," said Walks-in-the-Light.

THE Sioux woman had the moccasin nearly finished. She was putting the beads on with sinew from the leg tendons of a cow. She punched a hole with a small steel punch, then ran the stiff sinew through the hole in the leather, without using any needle.

She had covered the moccasin completely with beadwork in a simple tepee pattern in red and black on a white ground. It was cut in the clever Sioux style, so that one seam at the back would shape it to the foot.

"Every Indian tribe has its own way of cutting moccasins," said Long Feather. "The old time Indians could tell from a footprint what tribe the man who made the print belonged to. If a man was running away from an enemy, he would try to get moccasins from some other tribe. Then his footprints would fool the man who was tracking him.

"See our footprints. They are pointed, like elm leaves. The Sioux moccasins are rounded at the toe, and they leave blunt tracks, like thumbprints. I like our moccasins best.

"But the Sioux war bonnet is nicer than our deertail headdress."

"I WONDER what war honors Long Feather has won to give him the right to wear a war bonnet," laughed Good-Voice-on-Earth. He was fastening the last two feathers on a new war bonnet with trails.

"Only great warriors were supposed to wear a war bonnet, you know. Each feather stood for a brave deed. If a warrior ran up to an enemy fallen in battle and touched him, that was the bravest of deeds, much braver than killing the enemy. For if he was still alive, he was still dangerous. And only the men who rushed into battle first would be likely to reach a fallen enemy before he died.

"It took many years, as a rule, before a man had enough honors to allow him to wear a war bonnet. Then he held a big feast, and chose one of his friends to make the bonnet.

"Of course he had the eagle feathers and the buckskin cap and other things all ready. The tip of each feather was bent back and bound, so it could be fastened firmly to the cap. Then the owner of the bonnet would pick up a feather, sing a song to tell just what he had done to win the feather, and the bonnet-maker would attach it to the cap. Imagine how long it might take to make a bonnet! Weeks, perhaps, if the bonnet had two long trails down to the heels. Of course they only used these trails after the Indians had horses. Before that the headdresses were like yours, Long Feather."

"AND those trails tickle the back of your neck, and catch on the bushes when the wind blows!" said Evergreen Tree, who had come over to watch the bonnet-making.

He was proud of his own bonnet, a very fine one. He turned his head in all directions, to show that the feathers were delicately "hung." They always fell gracefully in any position or in any wind, with no uneven gaps between the feathers. This was accomplished by a concealed cord running from feather to feather. All the Indians believed that only a Sioux could "hang" a bonnet properly.

"Evergreen Tree's headdress is a fine one," said Good-Voice-on-Earth. "Do you see the guide feather, that peeled feather in the center of the cap, with a small feather on the end? That stands for the owner of the bonnet, and the feathers in the big circle mean a ring of warriors sitting in council. The horsehair tips on each feather are the scalp locks of each warrior!"

Even the cap of Evergreen Tree's bonnet was covered with eagle down, and it glowed white in the sun like a soft cloud.

"But, Evergreen Tree, why do you have blue cord tassels on your bonnet?" asked Good-Voice-on-Earth. "Those should be of white winter weasel fur, because the weasel was clever in escaping from his enemies."

"I haven't any enemies," said Evergreen Tree.

GOOD-VOICE-ON-EARTH put his new bonnet in a parflèche and tied it inside the tepee to a lodge pole.

"My grandfather used to keep his bonnet in a parflèche on a tripod at the back of the tepee," he said. "Three times a day he burned sweet grass to the bonnet, and once a day he sang songs to it. Sioux bonnets had magic powers. They protected the warriors, and made them brave."

Landing Hawk could see the tepee of Four-Buffalo-Walking, where a war bonnet fluttered on a pole, and two bustles hung on a frame.

"Why doesn't Four-Buffalo-Walking keep his bonnet in a parflèche?" he asked.

"Oh, lots of Sioux used to keep their bonnets on a tripod outdoors, to protect the lodge," explained Good-Voice-on-Earth, "and also their spear and shield and medicine bag. Or the bag might be tied over the door."

Landing Hawk and Long Feather went home, talking excitedly about making a war bonnet of turkey feathers.

"My uncle has some," said Long Feather, "and they make good bonnets. They aren't white with a black tip, and broad and glossy like eagle feathers. But those cost too much."

"And I am going to cut some hair from the pony's mane for the scalp locks," said Landing Hawk.

WHEN Snowball saw the scissors in Landing Hawk's hand, he trotted nimbly away into the woods. Landing Hawk was furious.

Old Chief Walking Hawk, smoking a long pipe in the door of his tepee, watched the boys in amusement.

"We'll get that Snowball yet," said Long Feather. "He'll come back when it's time to eat. We'll go talk to the Chief. He can tell us about the old pipestone quarry in Minnesota, where the red stone bowl of his pipe came from."

The Chief spoke, with eloquent gestures, and Iron Eyes translated: "The place of the red stone shines like red glass, for miles. Here, long ago, the Great Spirit called together all the Indians. He broke off a piece of the red rock, made a pipe of it, smoked it toward the East, South, West, and North.

" 'This red stone is your own red flesh,' he said. 'This pipe is a pipe of peace, and the quarry belongs to all Indians. Never raise a war club or a scalping-knife on this ground.'

"Then the smoke hid his head like a cloud, and all the red rock burned and melted as smooth as glass. Fires blazed in two deep pits, and into them walked two women. There they are today, guarding the pipestone quarry."

The boys' eyes were very round, and the two tall Sioux were very solemn.

THEN Sitting-in-the-Day brought out his own pipe, and the boys gathered around him and fingered the smooth red stone.

"Are all Indian pipes peace pipes?" asked Landing Hawk.

"No," said Sitting-in-the-Day. "The real peace pipes were calumets, and some could not be smoked, for they were just a pipe stem without a bowl. They were carried by messengers between two tribes at war, or used in peace treaty ceremonies. Pipes were also smoked to bring good fortune, success in hunting, protection from storms or enemies, or health for the sick.

"The steel tomahawk pipes with a hatchet blade below the bowl were made by the white people to use in trade with the Indians. When they were smoked as a sign of peace or friendship, the Indians sat around a fire, hit the pipe hard against the ground so that the blade was buried in the earth, and then took turns smoking it. That was the way they 'buried the hatchet.' White people think the Indians dug a hole in the ground and buried the tomahawk like a dead cat!"

"Can you really smoke your peace pipe?" asked Landing Hawk.

"I should say so," said Sitting-in-the-Day. "We'll smoke it now to bring good luck to next year's show. Fall is almost here and this show will soon be over."

"IS the show almost over? Are we really leaving the Dells pretty soon?" Landing Hawk asked his mother.

"Yes, back to school you go in a week or two," said One-to-Be-Proud. "Tomorrow is the last night of the show. And I want to go down to the river and wash up all our clothes before we pack. Jump out of the ones you are wearing, and put on this towel for a breech-clout. All the boys are down there, having a swim!"

One-to-Be-Proud took her washing down to the river, and sat right down in the cool brown water. As she scrubbed away, Landing Hawk and Wind Blow and little He-Who-Comes-Singing danced and splashed in the water around her.

Landing Hawk began to feel forlorn, at the thought of leaving this camp where he had had so much fun. He was as lost as on that first day at the camp.

"Won't I see Long Feather and Stands Alone again, until next summer?" he said.

"Oh, yes, their fathers have decided to send them to the same school you go to," said One-to-Be-Proud.

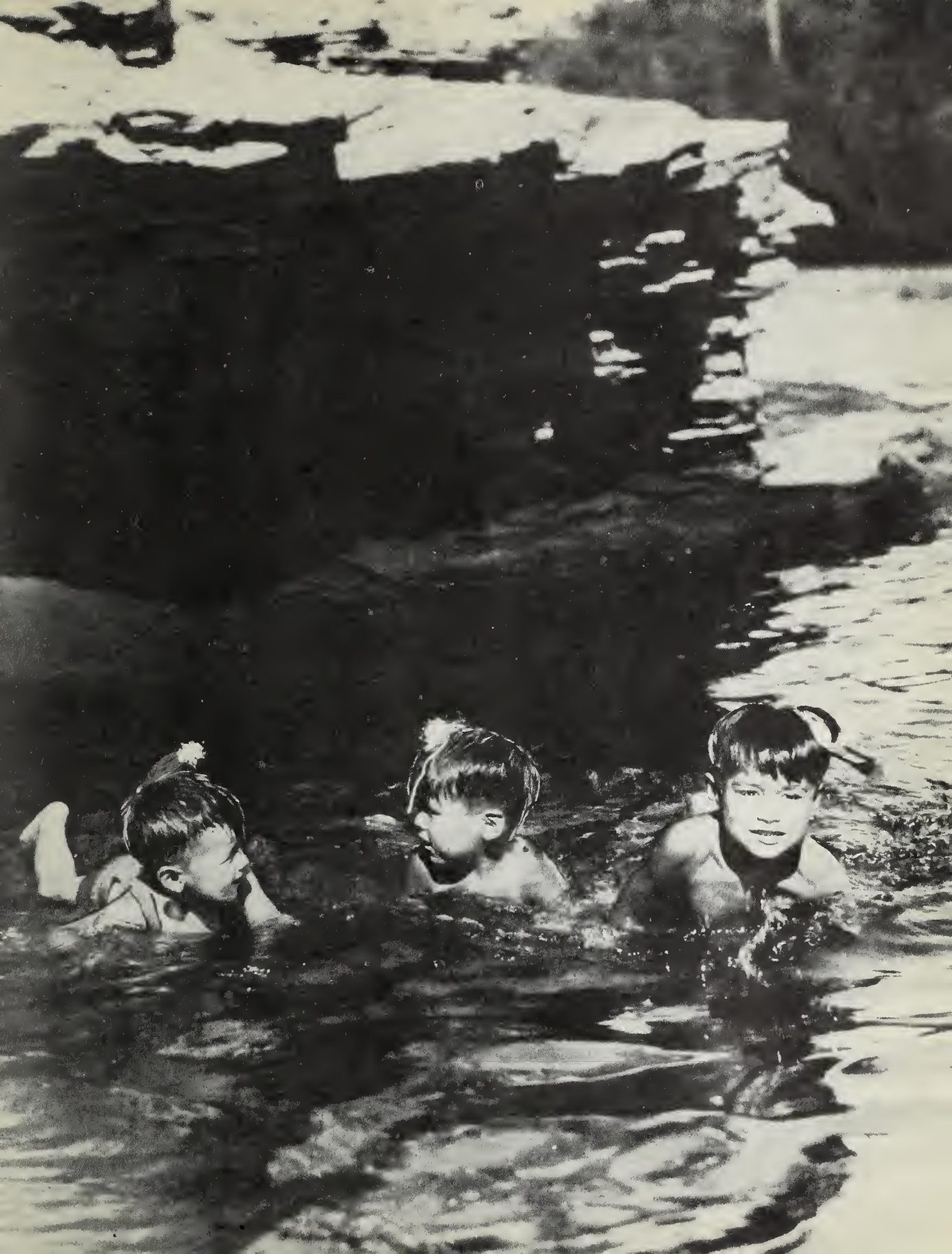
Landing Hawk felt happy again! Now he thought wash-day was the best kind of fun.

THE boys swam like little brown seals, until the sun began to go down.

All of a sudden they heard a great cawing and fluttering among the bluejays, who had already gone to bed in the trees.

"Listen!" said One-to-Be-Proud. "I can hear a baby jay crying. It must have fallen out of its nest. That's why the older birds are all flying around, trying to find it."

The boys scrambled out of the water and ran up the hill, to hunt for the baby bird in the woods.



THEY searched all around, with the excited bluejays flying and swooping about them, giving out worried, hoarse cries.

Then the weak cry of the baby bird stopped.

And a mischievous face popped out from the branches of a long-needled pine. It was Long Feather!

"Fooled you! Fooled the birds, too," he crowed. "I learned how to imitate a baby bluejay from Evergreen Tree. I've been practicing for the last six weeks!"

The boys chased him all the way home to camp.

THE last day came, and the last show.

All the camp was packed up. Tepee canvases were folded, wigwam covers were stored away, and the lodge poles stood bare.

Landing Hawk wandered around the deserted camp, and thought of all that the summer had brought him.

He had eaten the food, and lived in the wigwam, and thought the thoughts, of his own people. He had found out the meaning of the ancient symbols on his beaded clothes. He knew the stories of the war bonnet and the peace pipe. He had learned to make and shoot arrows, to dance and sing, to beat the big war drum.

The very woods had whispered to him what they had always whispered to a woodland Indian. He had heard the thunderbirds shake the ground, and seen the flashing of their eyes. He knew there was a mystery beneath the surface of the world.

None of these things would be spoken of, when he went back to school. All about him would be the world of the white man, and he must learn to live in it.

But this summer, he knew, had given him something secret and precious, something that was all his own.

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